The Sea People

- Hitia 17 – Jodi
- Cat Corner – Whitsundays
- Boat Health!
- Tangaroa ~ Anak Mas
- Tiki 31 ~ Lookfar
- Know This Boat?
- Tiki 30 – Pilgrim's Electrics!

No 41

APRIL 2000

The Sea People

Magazine of the Polynesian Catamaran Association

© PCA 2000

Contents

Committee 2000	3
Boat Health	4
HITIA 17 ~ Modifications	5
HITIA 17 ~ Jodi	6
Tangaroa MkI ~ Faoileag	8
TIKI 31 ~ Pilgrim	10
TANGAROA ~ Anak Mas	12
NE UK Winter Meet	17
Southern UK Winter	17
First Sailing Experience	18
Cat Corner ~ Whitsundays	19
TIKI 31 ~ Lookfar	20
PAHI 63 ~ Big Cat	22
Tips Hints & Gadgets	23
News From Sea People	25
Know This Boat? ~ Iemanja	27

Editorial Team: Adrian
Assisted By: Scott

e-mail: PCA@multihulls.uk.com
web : www.multihulls.uk.com/pca

Editorial Address:
PCA
@ Carbeile Mill
Torpoint
Cornwall PL11 2NW

Scott Brown Multihulls

S B

World-wide
Wharram Catamaran
Brokerage

Boats currently for sale Include:

Model	Number	Asking price
Hitia 17	3	£1.35k- DM6.5k
Tiki 21	4	£3k—4.8k
Hinemoa	2	£2—2.5k
Tane	3	£2.6 - 9.95k!
Pahi 26	2	£4.25—5k
Tiki 26 GRP	3	£8.75—10.95k
Tiki 28 (PRO)	1	£20,000
Pahi 31	1	DM45k
Tangaroa s	3	$18.5k - £21.5k
Tiki 38	1	£39,850
Narai 4	2	$45k & NZ$90k
Pahi 42	4	£18—39k
Pahi 63 (PRO)	1	Contact me.

Carbeile Mill, Torpoint
Cornwall PL11 2NW (UK)
Tel: +44 (0) 1752 812777 fax: 812888
Scott.Brown@multihulls.uk.com

Up-to-date list with prices, photos, inventories etc on:

www.multihulls.uk.com

or posted "snail-mail"

Front Cover Photo:
Tiki 21 "Verity" sailing alongside the copy of "Endeavour" when she visited Plymouth a couple of years ago during the PCA summer meet. The photo was taken over the port bow of "Sweet Pea", another Tiki 21, by its owner Chris Willoughby.
It's with great sadness we report Chris died recently after a fairly short illness. He was a great guy, loved his Tiki, and had many friends among the PCA membership.

COMMITTEE 2000

Your Committee for the PCA year starting 1 April 2000

Above:
From Left to right: (Rick, friend of Pat Fysh), Pat Fysh (Events), Rob Sheridan (Secretary), Steve Turner (Advisor), Scott Brown (Treasurer/Membership), Dave Barker (Ad Hoc), Dave Weinstock (Events), Sandy Turner (Ad Hoc) and finally that well known Cornish Chuff Hound, Lucy.

Below:
The Trio on board Big Cat, indicating elected posts (from left to right) Steve Turner – Rear Commodore (the immediate past Chairman), Adrian Honeybill – Commodore, Scott Brown – Vice Commodore.

BOAT HEALTH

Tiki 26 owner and registered nurse Steve Yates follows up article "Health and Efficiency" from issue 35 on the subject of on- board health, well being and first aid.

Scott tells me that as a Wharram owner I am unusual in that I am a well experienced (monohull) sailor with little boat building experience whereas most owners will have often spent years building their boats and will try to go "ocean" with very few offshore miles sailing experience.

Amongst the many new skills that the owner / builder will need when he/she goes on a long ocean passage is first-aid / health management, simply put if something goes wrong you are going to have to deal with it. More importantly if you get it right you will contribute hugely to the success of your voyage. Now I admit that my experience is " extreme " i.e. charging around the world on IOR maxis, but the attitude of sailing that kind that kind of race is well worth thinking about in that all of the specialist skills will be in place on board. Thus there will usually be sail makers, riggers, engineers etc and also a boat medic - (my first sailing name was "BIG NURSE").

Most sailors if asked would probably think of this role in terms of first aid with the addition of additional paramedical skills. Ok - you do need to understand the basics of first aid, the use of medicines and, like your tool kit, know and be able to use your first aid kit. I believe, however, that this is only a very small part of the medics role and having to mend a broken crew member constitutes a failure somewhere else in the system. I suppose I am really talking about preventative medicine in the narrow view but really talking about the kind of effective seamanship that completes a voyage with a healthy and happy crew.

Here are just two examples of real life health related incidents:

- Rushing to complete the owner misses a dental appointment; during the first stage of his dream voyage then develops a painful abscess. Unable to treat the now severe pain he decides to run for the nearest port and in the fog of sleeplessness makes a critical navigational error that leads to the loss of the boat.

- The cook on a race boat neglects to wash thoroughly before preparing a meal. 18 hours later the entire crew is out of action as a result of food poisoning - the boat wisely is retired from the race. I think you get the drift - it's similar to boat safety being about the sum of good seamanship and not just about how good your life raft is.

It is of course a big subject and not one that I could do justice to in a short article. Here are just a few of the pointers and questions you might want to ask yourself:

- Familiarise yourself with your new boat thoroughly before heading off on the "big one"- plan commissioning trips as part of the completion process.
- If you are an inexperienced sailor, go crewing for other skippers, take a course or take along an experienced " hand".
- Choose your weather for heading off on your voyage - try to get away in easy conditions or, if you are determined to get away, make a short coastal hop to a good anchorage.
- Go when you are ready (or ready enough).
- Make sure that you are not the only person who can perform critical tasks - can the mate sail the boat, anchor or call for help if you are out of action?
- Make essential tasks easy and light. If reefing is easy you will tend to reef early - if the job requires brute strength and a 7 foot reach you probably wont.
- Plan tasks around the weakest member of crew - can the mate get the anchor up without getting a back injury!!!
- Get plenty of sleep, catnaps are great - try to avoid making difficult decisions when you are tired - if you do have to make a difficult call chew it over with somebody else - its good to talk.
- Don't get cold and wet, (more importantly don't stay cold and wet, equally avoid sunburn - never feel that you have to " tough it out").
- Stay well hydrated. You should be drinking on average twice as much at sea as you do ashore (watch the alcohol intake though).
- Exercise scrupulous hygiene in the galley, wash hands before preparing food and throw your tea towels away (or at the engineer).
- Eat well - try to eat as much fresh food as possible, cut down on fatty and processed foods.
- Look after your skin - slap on the sunblock, wear long light cotton shirts in the sun --- moisturise moisturise and more moisturise! Learn to wash in seawater with minimal fresh rinsing, baby wipes are great for a wipe down in heavy weather. Do you really need to wear knickers!!!!
- Watch your fresh water supply carefully. Carry plenty learn not to waste any, work out some method of making or collecting fresh water.
- Build up your own first aid kit, get familiar with it, learn how to use it, stow it somewhere safe and accessible.

Enjoy yourself.

HITIA 17 ~ MODIFICATIONS

In Sea People 35, **Dave Weinstock** reported on his proposed modifications to his Hitia 17 build project. He is now building and the plans/mock ups have become reality.

The starboard hull is in foreground. The hulls have been covered with glass cloth/epoxy and the surface covered with peel ply. The Hitia is being built in a rented former cow shed. It is now totally dry and draught proof.

D Sails

Manufacturers of Sails, Dodgers, Covers
Repair Service
Sails for TIKI range
Spray dodgers for TIKI & Classic
Export world-wide

NOTE NEW ADDRESS

80 North Rd.
Torpoint
Cornwall
PL11 2DU

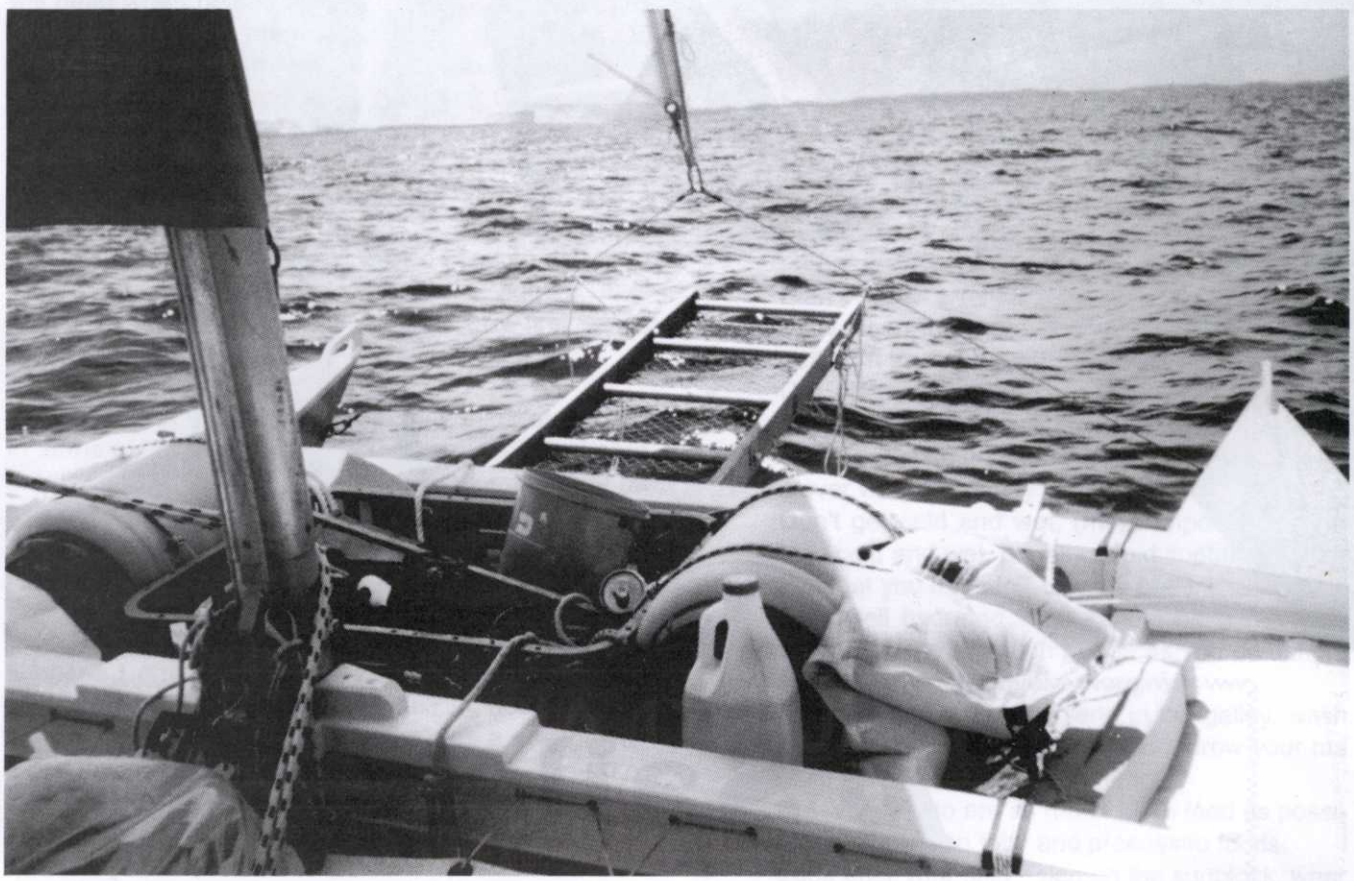
Phone: +44 (0) 1752 813312 fax +44 (0) 1752 815465

HITIA 17 ~ JODI

Cruising With a Difference by Alex Milne. Alex gives a detailed cruising report on sailing around Curtis Island - Queensland, Australia. Jodi is also in Sea People 35. This artilce is continued from Sea People 40.

The following morning, the forecast on our radio was for Easterly at 15 - 20 knots, changing later to South-east at 20 - 25. Lynne gets the jitters in our little boat at 20 knots, and decided to go up to the lighthouse to ask advice. However, before Lynne could start her hike up to the lighthouse, I went down to the boat to find that the waves had knocked a hatch cover off, and the storage compartment of the port hull was full of the briny, and our gear nearly ready to float away. Such wonderful things happen on a cruise!

Southeaster at 25 knots cutting in just before we came into the lee of the Northern end of the island and Cape Keppel. After reefing, we had a nice, calm run past Station Point to Sea Hill Point, home of a disused lighthouse. We ducked around the corner into Pacific Creek and decided on our campsite near an old shed. There were a few picturesque cottages closer to the creek entrance, but they were behind a line of stones and mangroves, and didn't have a really accessible beach.



We packed the boat post haste, and set sail under main, heading Northwest with the wind pushing us from a little South of East. The swell was getting up, and a bit of chop, but *Jodi* lifted her sterns and let most of the waves roll harmlessly underneath. We even had some nice surf at times, and could have done with more, because I wanted the speed to get around Cape Keppel before the stronger winds hit. We were heading towards Peak Island, which was about the only landmark we could see from sea level. This line took us outside Keppel Rocks, which was to be much more pleasant than running onto them!

We got a bit of a rough ride for the half hour or so that it took us to round the rocks, with the threatened

The three houses on this part of the island are the remnants of a once-sizeable village. Two of the places are the original lighthouse keeper's cottages. There was also a small one-room shack that was once used for the relieving lighthouse keeper, another larger house leased by the people who own the island cattle station, and a steel shed in the first stages of construction.

I've always liked lighthouses, the older style, with their character, and this was no exception, though it needed its roof repainted to its former bright red glory. All lighthouses should have red roofs. We stood on a high vantage point and overlooked the sea we had sailed the day before. It was a lot calmer looking up here.

We spent the rest of the day tidying things up, going for short walks and relaxing. Sitting on our small camp chairs outside the shed, we were amazed at the amount of bird life to be seen as the sun died and the day drew to a close. As the tide ebbed, increasing numbers of plovers, whimbrels, herons, bitterns and beach curlews came to wander around the mangroves, the water's edge and the growing strip of black mangrove mud. Estuaries seem to be as much a paradise for birds as it is for fish and for us too!

The weather never let up, so we spent the following day going for walks and lazing around. The day after that, it appeared to calm down a bit, and it looked good for that day, and possibly the next. We all took another walk to the lighthouse, before saying our goodbyes and parting company.

The Narrows is the waterway separating Curtis Island from the Central Queensland mainland, and is a top cruising area in its own right. Miles of mangrove-lined waterways, good fishing and crabbing, and solitude. Widening out at each end, at its narrowest it is only about three hundred yards wide. At about the half way mark is Ramsay's Crossing, where cattle are driven across at low tide, so we wanted to make it around high tide if we could.

We had a short, steep chop for the first 3 miles, until we got near Maria Inlet and snuck into the shallows near the Curtis Island shoreline. Here we were into relatively smooth water, and less wind, being protected by the expanse of mangroves that covers hundreds of square miles in this area.

Then as we moved further along, we reached Division Point, and the channel narrowed dramatically at this point, which meant we had truly calm water for a change. We refuelled, then continued on.

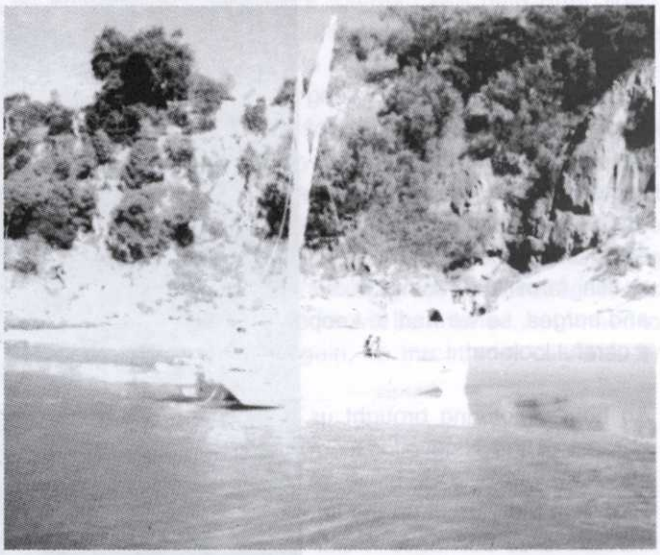
We called in at Ramsay's Crossing to buy some more two-stroke fuel. We had enough to make Gladstone okay, but we thought that if the weather allowed, we might motor all the way to Boyne Island and home, and to do that we might need a bit extra to be on the safe side.

We continued out the other end of The Narrows, the outgoing tide running the opposite way now that we were on the other side of the shallowest area of the crossing, and helping us along no end. It was a very pleasant run for the next 5 or 6 miles, until we got to Black Swan, where the water broadens and the wind, increasing a little, blew straight up The Narrows against the tide, stirring up the chop again.

Six more miles of chop and slop saw us at Graham Creek, where we intended to spend the night camped in a good anchorage

We packed the boat - again - and donned raincoats right from the start. Soon we were in the thick of it, and we had 3 and 4-foot waves, barely a boat length apart, so we got to go over the first one, knock the top off the second one, before head-butting every third one, which was almost stopping us dead.
through even rougher water!

Once at the boat ramp a couple of miles up the river, it was easy work to phone for a ride so that Lynne could collect our car and boat trailer from home, while I derigged the boat. What a letdown! Back to the daily grind again. The fact that we had some bad weather meant nothing. What matters is that we saw great scenery and got away from the rat race for 8 days!



TANGAROA MkI ~ FAOILEAG

Tony Perridge has yet again bought Faoileag. Why ? All is revealed below. Faoileag, pronounced FYOLAAG, is Gaelic for "Seagull".

There have been many stories in the "Sailorman" of trips to far-flung parts of the globe, but this is not one of those stones. This is just the tale of a journey of less than forty miles, from the Cromarty Firth to Inverness, but it was more than a short sea trip. This was the first time that I had sailed FAOILEAG for eight years, so it was a journey of re-acquaintance.

Faoileag is a Mk I Tangaroa that I built back in the early seventies. Twice I have sold her and now twice I have bought her back. As one would expect from any lady who had been so casually put aside, she makes me pay when we get together again and this time was no exception. Of course, any rational person would say that the boat had simply been neaped when she refused to float off the sandbank that October Saturday morning, but I know better. That darned boat wasn't about to move until I had paid the necessary penance and so there I was, up to my knees in cold water, my back against the rudder, pushing with all my might. The engine was bellowing flat-out and Roger was heaving on the anchor chain, but she wouldn't budge. We retired, muttering, leaving her looking smug.

The following morning we went through the same routine and once again had to admit defeat. Time was now running out, so Roger and I agreed to have one last try at eight o'clock that evening and to sail round overnight to Inverness if Faoileag deigned to float.

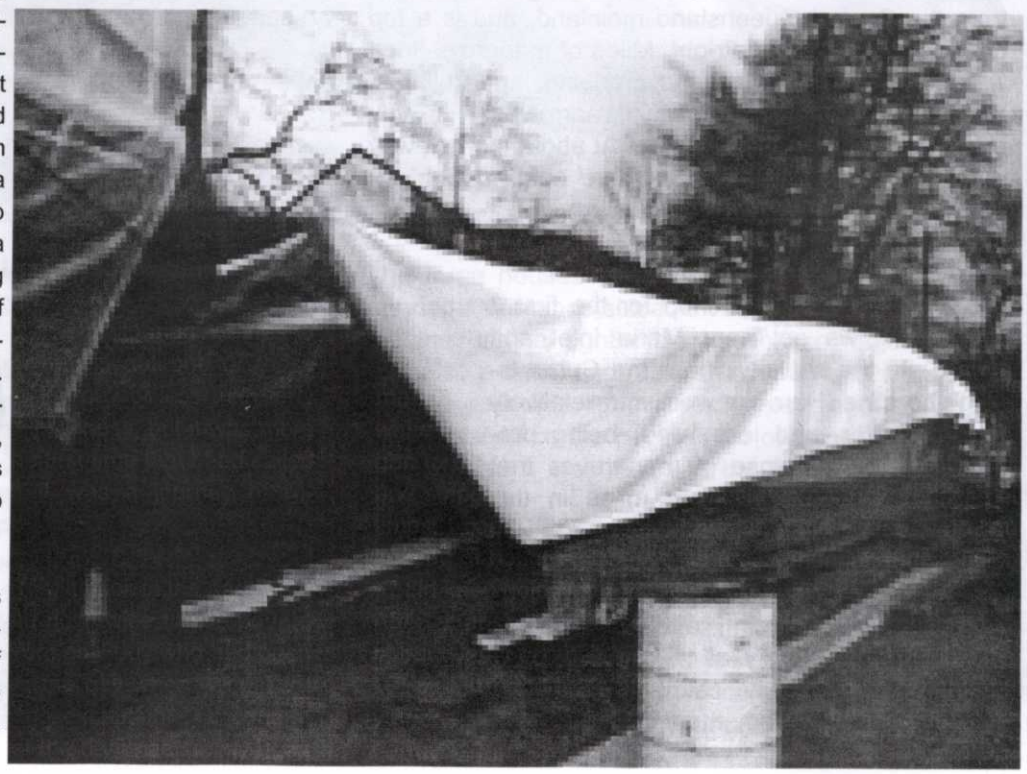
At 7.45 that evening, she floated off without any fuss, satisfied that I had been sufficiently punished. The first eight miles were to the Northeast and that was the direction from which the wind was blowing, a gentle force 3, so we decided to motor that far since this was a delivery trip. We slipped along through the dark, the lights of the villages along the shore reflected in the smooth water. There are a number of unlit obstructions in the Cromarty Firth, a fish farm and some buoys and barges, so we had to keep a careful look-out.

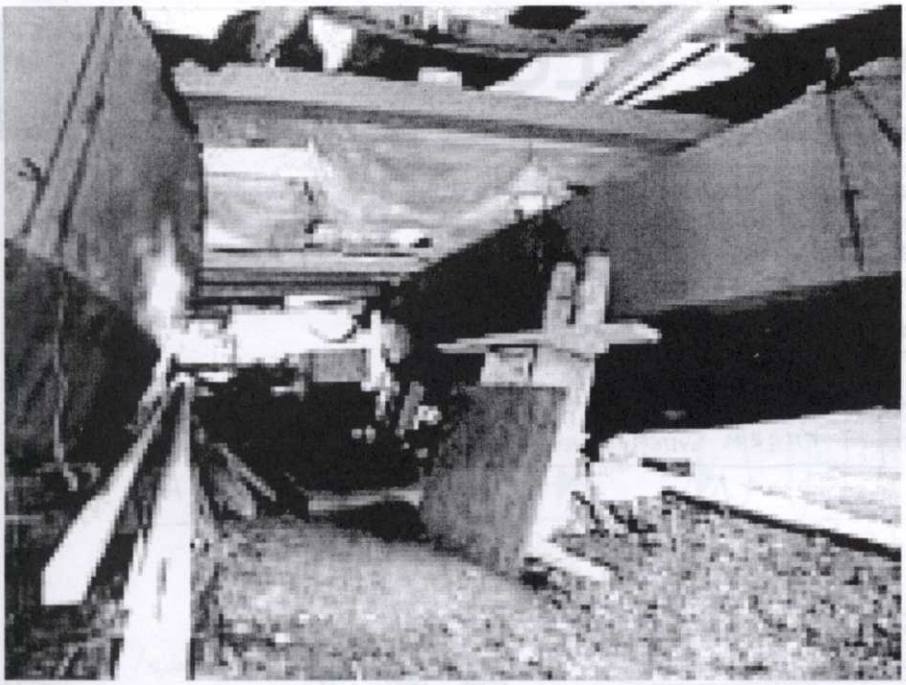
An hour's motoring brought us abreast of the Nigg oilrig construction yard. The blaze of light from the yard lit up the immediate area but made it difficult to see into the darkness ahead. We were now approaching the narrows between two frowning cliffs where the Cromarty Firth opens out into the Moray Firth. The wind, funnelling through the gap, picked up to force 4 and, with the tide opposing it, kicked up a short, steep sea. Faoileag bucked and plunged, the propeller almost coming out of the water and the motor racing periodically. We were making painfully slow progress now and I could see the white flash of breakers on the shore close to starboard. I began to question the sanity of buying back this thing of sticks and string that causes me so much worry and heartache at times. I could have been at home in a nice warm, safe bed instead of bouncing about out here, wondering if the engine would keep going.

After what seemed an eternity, but which was probably only about twenty minutes, we lurched and staggered out into the Moray Firth and were at last able to turn South towards Inverness. Clear of the influence of the wind and tide in the narrows, the seas moderated to a gentle swell. I quickly hoisted the main, mizzen and foresail and turned off the engine.

The magic began. Faoileag slipped over the seas on a beam reach with that wonderful long-legged gait that Wharram cats have in those conditions. Under the kindly light of the full moon I could not see the peeling paint and general air of disarray. The wheel stirred under my hand, feeling alive as the boat gave to the swell and as I looked up at the elegant curve of the sails and sensed her steady, purposeful passage through the night seas, I fell in love with Faoileag all over again.

Some of the best and worst moments of my life have been when I was on this boat. This night was one of the good





times and I was loath to have it end. We tied up at the sea lock at the Caledonian Canal in the early hours of the morning and went to bed. For a short time I lay in my bunk, hearing and feeling the sounds and restless movements of a boat on the sea, before drifting off into contented sleep.

Next morning we were woken by the cheery calls of the lock keeper and blearily staggered on deck to lock through into the canal. Two hours later, we tied the boat up at Caley Marina in Inverness and the trip was over.

I needed that little voyage to fuel the dream that keeps me going through all the work that needs to be done. Faoileag had been left afloat but unused for a number of years before I bought her back and her condition had deteriorated in that time. The first thing to be done was to get her ashore, covered up and dried out. I craned her out onto blocks that give me walking headroom under the bridge deck between the hills, took off the masts and then covered her with a translucent heavyweight tarpaulin. She is now her own workshop!

Having been on a drying sandy mooring for seven years, all the epoxy sheathing on the central 10ft of the keels had been buffed off and even the solid mahogany backbone had started to wear away. Number one nasty job was lying on my back for a day using a heavy belt sander to clean up and fair off these areas. It was a hot day and I had to wear complete overalls with hood, filtration mask and goggles on account of the huge amount of dust created. Suffice to say I was glad when it was finished.

Number two nasty job was re-coating the keels with glass cloth and epoxy.

Number three nasty job came about by accident. The boatyard got the job of repairing the glass fibre sections of the lid of a huge septic tank. For various reasons, once the sections were finished they were no longer needed so had to go to the local dump. Never one to miss an opportunity, I asked if I might cut some of them up and use the material for my boat. "Cut away", they said, "It's less for us to take to the dump!" So, after wielding a petrol saw for a day, (See previous paragraph re: overalls, goggles, etc.,) I had enough flat fibreglass sheets to make a complete set of bulwarks, which won't rot as the plywood ones do. I also cut some big moulded GRP channels that will replace the bow plank, the cockpit bearers and make a new chain locker, suspended under the forward mast beam. This should markedly reduce maintenance in the future.

There were one or two small areas of rot where the sheathing on the deck had been damaged and let in water. I chopped these open and back to sound wood and left them a few weeks to dry. With the tarpaulin completely covering the boat, but open at the ends to let the wind blow through, a few weeks in the summer dramatically dried the boat out. Plywood and epoxy is so easy and forgiving to work with that it was very simple to reinstate the damaged areas.

"I then entered my scraping and sanding phase," to paraphrase Dustin Hoffman in Little Big Man! Each of the four main beams has to come off, be rubbed down, painted and replaced. The two forward ones are finished, the third is ready to come off and the last one has got some rot in it so I have bought a new 9in by 3in by l6ft Douglas Fir beam to replace it. Then there are the masts, booms, engine box, mast cases, etc, etc. If you have a wooden boat, expect to do lots of painting, that's just the way it is.

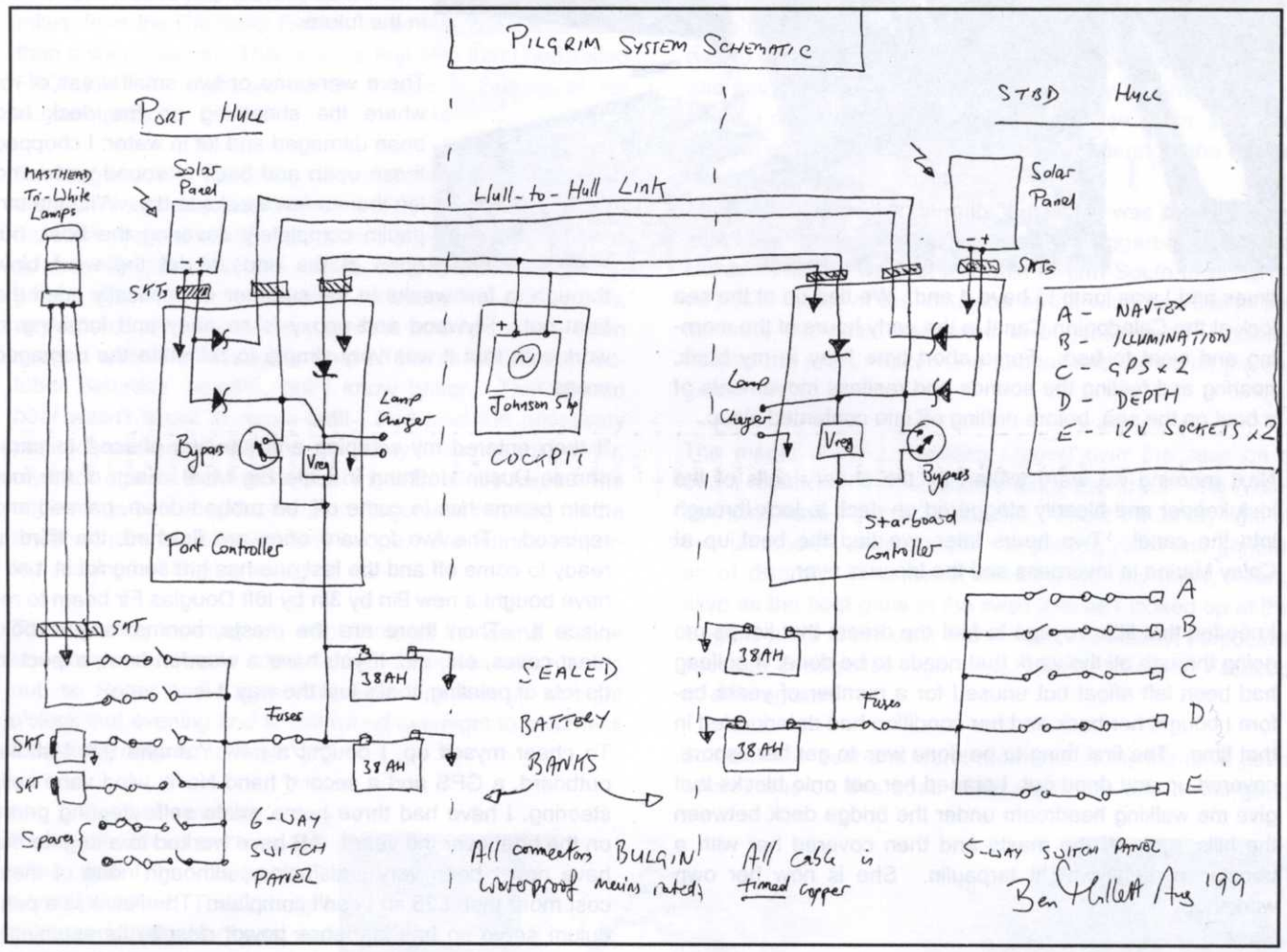
To cheer myself up, I bought a new Yamaha 9.9 4-stroke outboard, a GPS and a second hand Navik wind vane self-steering. I have had three home made self- steering gears on the boat over the years. AB have worked to a degree but have never been very satisfactory, although none of them cost more then £25 so I can't complain. The Navik is a pendulum servo so has immense power despite its seemingly tiny components. A friend of mine has one on his monohull and he can't hold the tiller against the force of the Navik when it is working. I propose to connect it to trim-tabs on the back of Faoileag's rudders to cut down the force required.

So far, I have done a year's work on the boat. Sometimes I get the feeling that for every job completed, another two jobs need to be done. Sound familiar, anyone? However, I built the damn thing so I can sure as hell restore it! With the dreary days of winter, work has slowed, but with the spring the tempo will pick up and Faoileag will be afloat again this year. I doubt that if the interior will be finished, but I need to feel her afloat and alive again, so the interior can wait for now.

AND I'M NEVER GOING TO SELL HER AGAIN!

TIKI 30 ~ PILGRIM

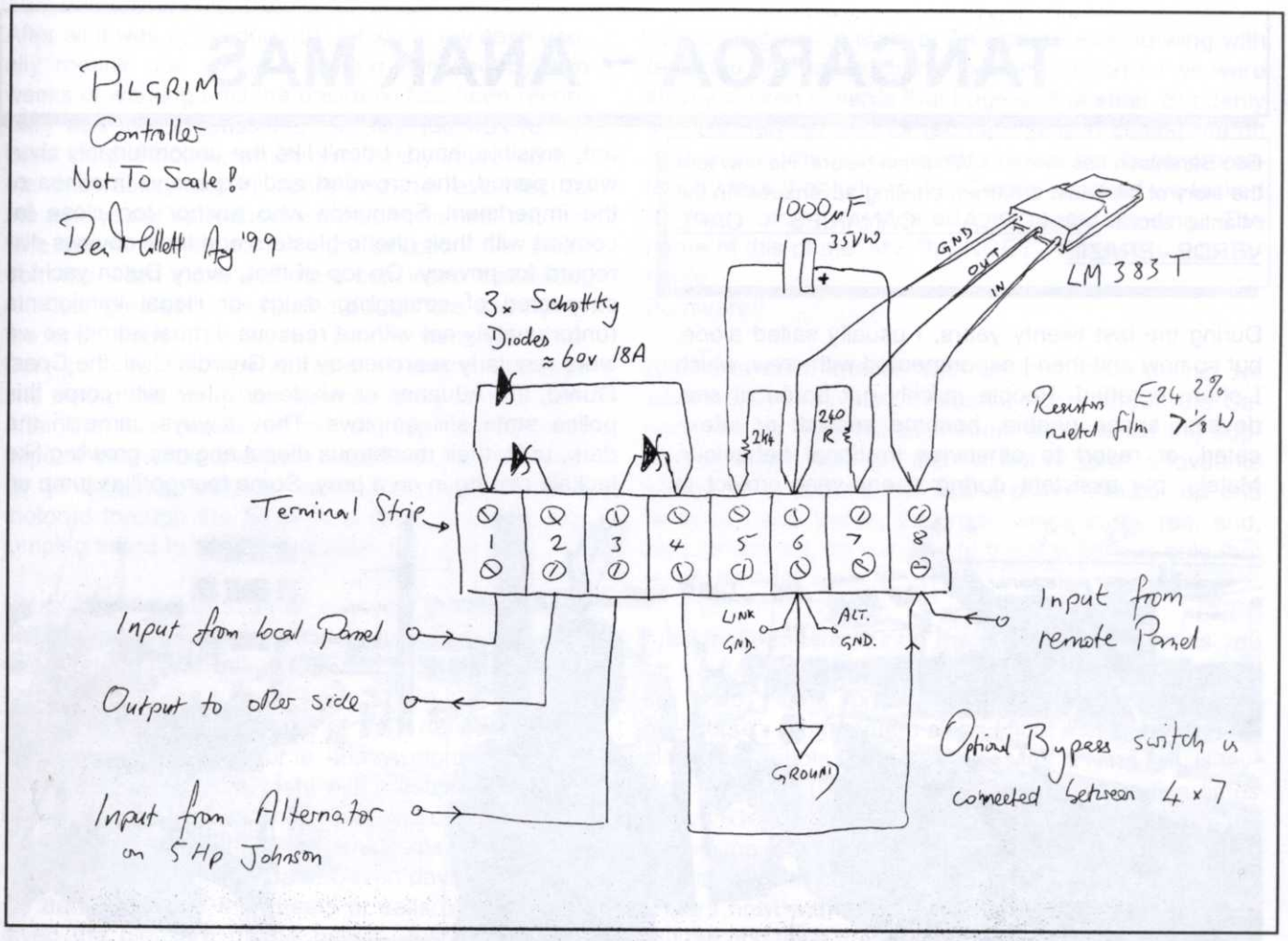
Ben Mullett gives "chapter and verse" on the electrical system on Pilgrim. (If you have a technical article on engines, gas installations, plumbing etc....please send it/them in!)



Design Notes

- Each hull has it's own batteries, switching and charging controller, plus a solar panel input.
- The batteries are ultra-low leakage sealed YUASA 38AH.
- The two controllers charge the battery banks from either solar panel, or from the outboard motor alternator.
- Interior lighting is entirely independent of the main batteries. We use neon lanterns with their own batteries built in. These can be recharged from the system, but cannot drain the main batteries.
- At normal electronics load we have about 3 weeks use before the starboard battery bank needs to be recharged. By conserving power, this can be extended to 5 weeks. This allows for a total generator / panel failure.
- Masthead lights can be substituted by a "Mega Light" that drains 0.076 A in emergencies. This gives an all round white lightthat should last 10 hours/night for nearly 5 weeks.
- Solar panels are : 1 x SOLAREX MSX 60 (rigid)
  1 x UNISOLR 32 (flexible)

They are moveable and interchangeable.



DITTY BAG

For Sale

1 unused TIKI Mainsail, suitable for 26' cat

Contact Robert Sheridan
Tel Work: 01703 484196
Home: 01730 829702
E-mail: robert.sheridan@zdnetmail.co.uk

Crew

TIKI 21/26 crewing wanted in south west England prior to building. 62, starting again after long gap. Just done competent crew and day skipper theory. Expenses sharing.

Contact: George 01404 871257
E-mail: summerway@johnwood.co.uk

For Sale

- Aluminium tube: 6" diameter, three offcuts lengths 32.5", 33.75", 74".
- Douglas fir, 6 metres of 75mm * 25mm, 24 metres of 38mm * 25mm, 18 metres of 25mm * 20mm.
- Hardwood: variety of pieces of mainly Iroko, Mahogany and some Teak.
- Marine ply 9mm, lots of small and medium size offcuts
- Glass cloth approx. 30metres of 80cm wide, 200g/m
- Glass tape: quite a lot of 150mm and 100mm wide
- Scaffolding: approx. 180ft of tubes, 37 various connectors

Prices negotiable for all of the above.
Copper wire surplus to requirements. Enough to build five or more big Tikis. Free to collector.

Contact:
Ken Hook, Bournemouth 01202 531445

TANGAROA ~ ANAK MAS

Edo Berentsen has owned a Wharram before. He now tells the story of his latest Wharram cruising adventures on the Atlantic circuit MALLORCA - CANARIES - CAPE VERDE - BRAZIL

During the last twenty years, I usually sailed alone, but so now and then I experimented with crew, which I often regretted. People quickly get bored at sea, develop space phobia, become seasick or intoxicated, or resort to otherwise irrational behaviour. Mateja, my assistant during a one-year project in Slovenia, proved to be the exception to the rule. She was strong, panick-proof, never seasick, an excellent cook, and only occasionally drunken when being ashore and just to work off the stress that sailing with me obviously induced. 'Anak Mas' had been transported from Holland to Mallorca as a deck load on a freighter and after having finished the paint jobs in Mallorca's pleasant climate we left in May for Ibiza, Formentera and further down to Gibraltar.

Edo and Anak Mas

The Mediterranean is not my favourite sea. It is typically a sea for motor yachts or rowed galleys because there is either no wind at all or it blows like mad, and the choppy seas give the impression of sailing in a pan full of water, which is shaken by a giant, invisible, hand. I don't like the uncomfortably short wave period, the crowded and expensive marinas or the impertinent Spaniards who anchor too close for comfort with their ghetto blasters and their obvious disregard for privacy. On top of that, every Dutch yacht is suspected of smuggling drugs or illegal immigrants (unfortunately not without reasons, I must admit) so we were regularly searched by the Guardia Civil, the Coast Guard, the Aduanas or whatever other elite corps this police state still employs. They always came in the dark, unlit, their monstrous diesel engines growling like jackals closing in on a prey. Some four gorillas jump on your deck whom - I must admit - behave ultimately correct and some of whom even spoke English; unique for Latinos. If the ship's papers are correct they don't make a great fuss, shine with their torches in one locker or another, wish you a good journey and disappear. Especially in the vicinity of naval base Alicante we were frequently searched, developing cordial relationships with the, in the mean time familiar, crews.

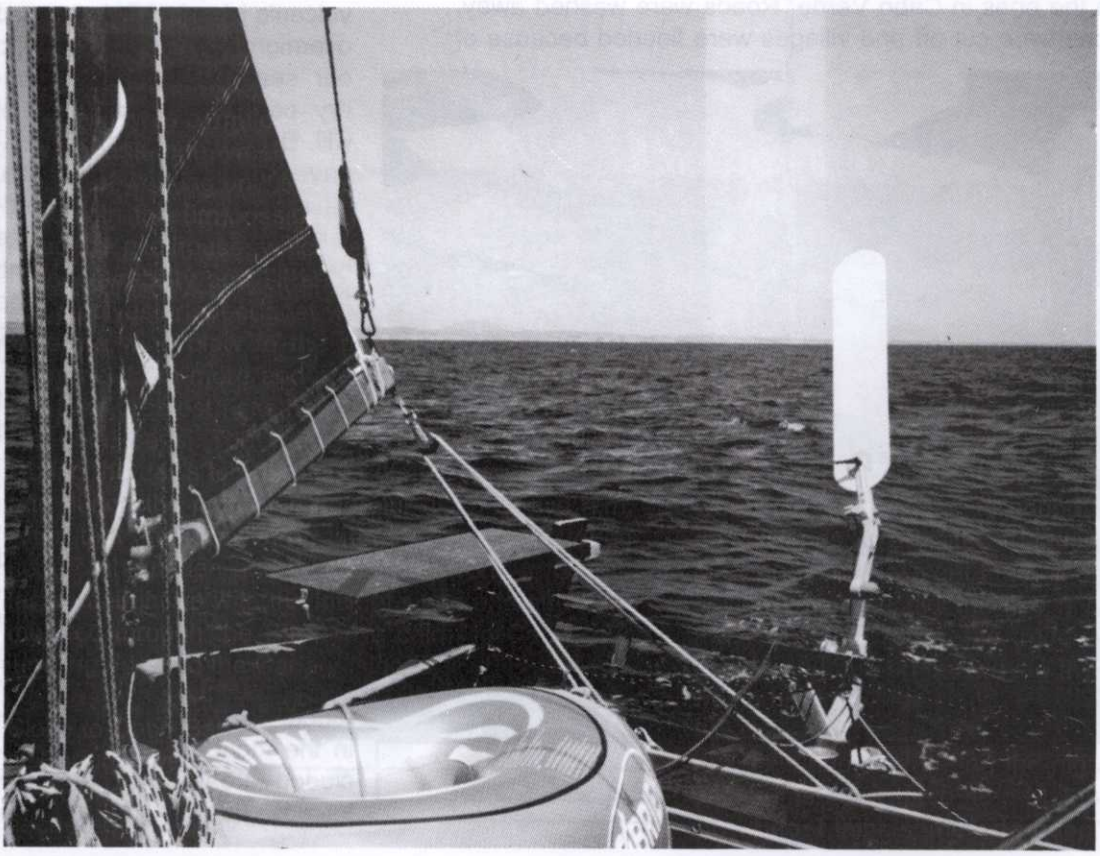
After a sight-seeing trip to Cordoba and Grenada with Mateja and a pleasant interim-holiday with Sacha, my wife, in the Extremadura, Anak Mas was hauled out in the (British) boatyard of Estepona, some 20 miles from Gibraltar. The underwater part had developed leaks and there was another laundry list of jobs to be done.

After all it was a 'maiden trip', which in my case usually means one week of sailing followed by two weeks of working until the desirable has been reconciled with the (im)possible. The first job was to behead the pilothouse, which remarkably improved her manoeuvrability and I'll spare you the rest. Next to me a polyester speedboat went up in flames, but this time the wind blew to the right direction, i.e. away from me. I am more and more convinced that boats run their greatest risks hauled out ashore and not in the open seas. The weeks ashore were gruelling. During the day's temperatures of 40 degrees Celsius and during the nights an open-air disco till five a.m. After that the brawls of the drunken and stoned hope-of-the-nation and then back to work. In Gibraltar we caught up with the lack of sleep and after that motored through the Strait in a calm, to Cadiz, our jumping board to the Canary Islands.

Close to Cabo Sao Vicente, the most Southern cape of Portugal we picked up the Portuguese northerly, the "Nortado" and with a Beaufort 6 at the back we headed South like running on rails. We made an average distance made-good of 110 nautical miles, which is not too bad for a heavyweight like Anak Mas. I seldom sailed a yacht with greater course stability or as sea-kind as Anak Mas, and on all courses I could simply lash the tillers amidships, making the windvane virtually redundant. Seven days and nights we hardly touched the sheets or sails and fully enjoyed the pleasure of the ocean. Just one dissonance disturbed this rosy picture; a Spanish tanker, coming up astern, and changing course in our direction. To my utter bewilderment she came next to my starboard side on a distance of less than four meters, grinning machos over the railing, making obscene gestures to Mateja. As I sailed wing-to-wing with fastened booms I could not bear off to port so we were slowly sucked towards that huge wall of steel. Suddenly she accelerated and turned hard to port cutting me off by crossing my bows, which missed her huge propellers by less than one meter. Totally shocked we looked at each other, bewildered, not understanding. The name of this pirate: Mv. "MENCEY", Santa Cruz de Tenerife.
Be aware!!

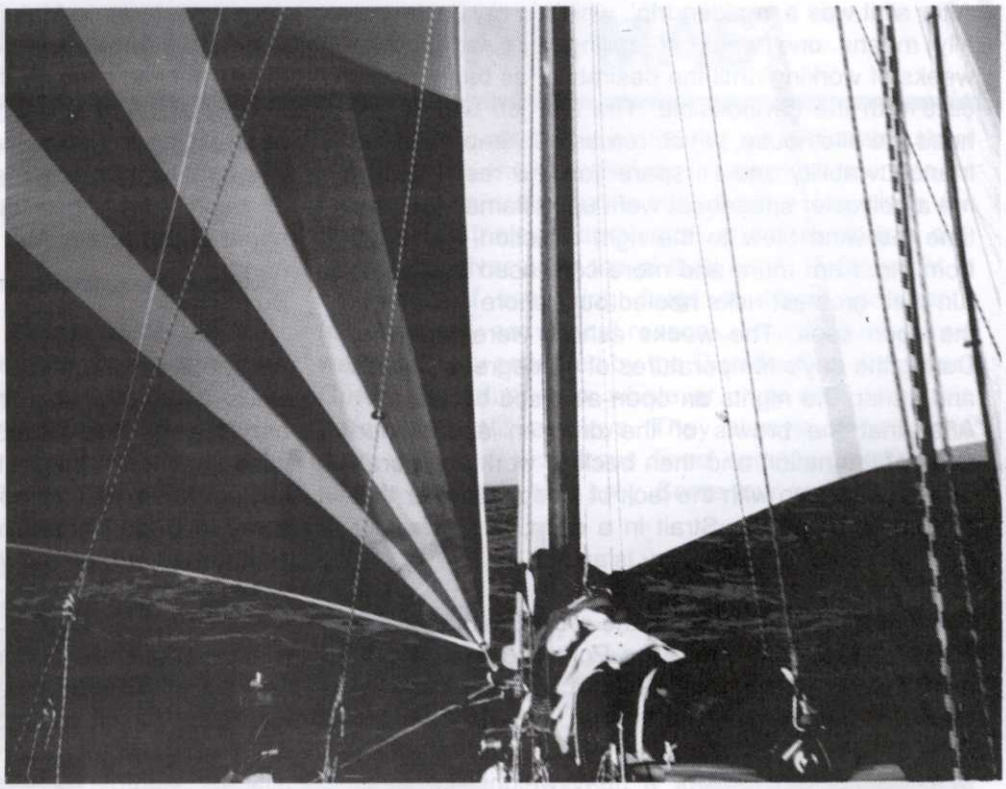
After this confrontation with Spanish seamanship we were hardly motivated to spend much time in the Canary Islands. We visited friends, replenished the supplies and then "let's get the hell out of here", a favourite saying when we did not like a place. Anchor up and away to Cabo Verde, the trade winds in the rear and, as it turned out, on our way to the first serious gale that would hit Anak Mas.

It always happens during the night. A hand wakes you up - a flash of a torch, and Mateja's calm voice reporting: "Edo, I think something happened. We are grossly off-course". From a deep sleep I fight myself back to reality and stumble on deck. Anak Mas is lying still, is laying-by abeam (!) on a seething ocean. The five times reefed Genoa is backed to port and the five times reefed main to starboard. Enormous waves with white crests roll in at an angle of 90 degrees. The wind generators howl with a high, shrieking and terrifying noise. But the first thing that strikes me is the unreal, calm and impassive way in which Anak Mas takes this natural violence. The deck is dry and my empty coffee cup still stands upright on the table. The anemometer shows force 8, occasionally 9, but Anak Mas is heaving up and down like in slow motion. I check the rudders and



Windpiot, solar panel (on the starboard tiller) and "man overboard" life ring.

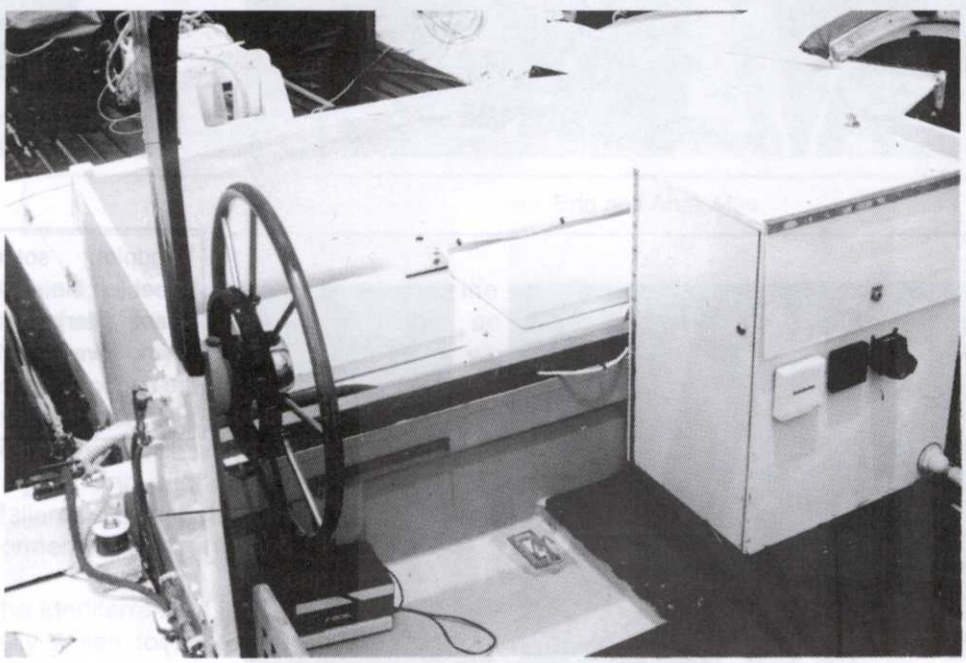
find out that the steering lines of the Windpilot have been chafed through. A deep feeling of satisfaction overwhelms me. A totally relaxed Mateja and I change the ropes. "Why don't we stay on like this", I ask. "It is so beautiful now!"



Wing & Wing – cruising chute and genoa

The Cape Verde Islands lay 800 miles South of Gran Canaria and 325 miles West of Senegal. It is a true archipelago consisting of 10 bigger and 4 smaller islands, which can usually be reached in day-trips. When in Cabo Verde, one has definitely left Europe behind. No high-rise buildings, no masses, no competitive consumption, no hypes. It is Africa, every inch. Black, poor, hot, fascinating and exceptionally multi-faceted. We spent five weeks on three different islands. Each with a totally different landscape, the same somewhat timid, friendly, and helpful people, the same stately emptiness, the same delicious food, and the same pleasant feeling that you are the first to make a landfall there.

Because of the continuous drought the islands are often called 'Sahel-ilands'; a reputation that was shattered when we were there. "La Nina", the malicious sister of "El Nino" introduced herself, and seldom did I witness tropical deluges like the ones in Cabo Verde. Roads were washed away, telephone connections were cut off and villages were flooded because of inadequate drainage systems. The moon landscape of the volcanic island of Sal changed overnight into a pasture and our seawater scrubbed laundry could be desalinated at will. Boa Vista, the most Easterly island was our favourite. Quiet, empty, and with kilometers of deserted, white beaches, all for yourself. The fishing boats still sail, and the bay of Sal Rei offers unlimited anchorages with crystal clear, azure-blue water. The perfect place for months in splendid isolation.

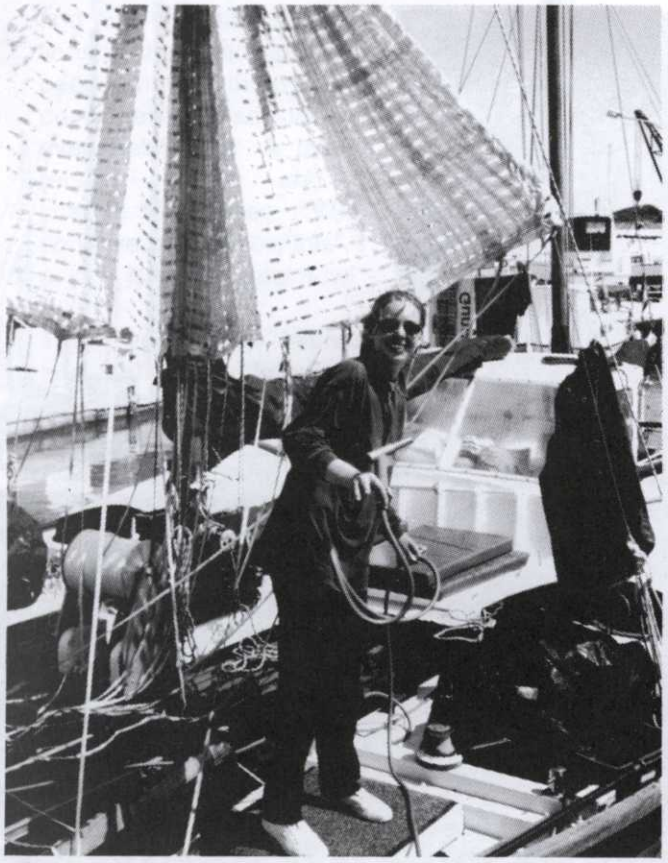


The wheel - placed athwartships.....

Yet, who wants to see the unspoiled Cabo Verde should not wait too long. Italian project developers have great plans with the archipelago and luxurious, Club-Med type of tourist settlements mushroom in the most beautifull and secluded areas, complete with jet-skis on the beach. The

Anak Mas at the start of the journey in La Rapita, Mallorca

Mateja, the first officer



The sea anchor is the braking parachute from a Jaguar

great contrast to the African poverty is striking and the social tensions between the spoiled Western tourists and the local population are often tangible. For the rest there is still plenty of room and one wonders why so few yachts bother to visit this paradise. It cuts the crossing to the Carribean to some 1500 miles and with good international flight connections it is an excellent place to have crew flown in (or out!). Even the smallest supermarkets are reasonably well stocked and the great amount of Dutch products was a surprise to me. After a visit to the green and tropical island of Santiago with its beautiful Tarafal bay on the northwest coast we prepared for the crossing to Brazil. 1650 miles ahead and the tempestuous 'La Nina' at the back.

What should have been a crossing of some two weeks with the trade winds in the rear and dolphins across the bows turned out to be a tough fight of three weeks with gales, driving rains and scorching heat, sometimes drifting backwards in the strong, northwest setting Guyana Current. A good test for ship and crew and - appropriate for a maiden trip - we did not shun some hard-core testing of the boat. Two out of the three weeks the wind blew harder than Bft 6 and we made it a game to find out how much canvass she would accept for how long when the gales would start. Although Anak Mas is grossly under rigged the results were quite astonishing and a compliment for designer James Wharram. It was truly incredible to see and feel how she (all sails unreefed and wind force 7) would be launched like a rocket by huge seas, fly almost free for some seconds and then splash back into the water, calmly resuming her course. No bows digging in, no broaching, no steering problems. One unpleasant side-effect of the gales, with high seas towering over the boat from behind, was the launching of whole squadrons of flying fish that would subsequently crash into the main sail and die on the deck. The record stands on 34 casualties, removed from the deck after 12 hours of gales. One night, Mateja found a sea swallow in her bunk and occasionally we had hitchhikers in the dark which I could not always identify. Due to the many gales and the current in the doldrums we were set so much to the West that we could not make it for Fernando de Noronha and finally wound up in Fortaleza on the north-east coast of Brazil. We anchored under sail because both Yamahas failed to start.

30 litres of drinking water collected per day in the Doldroms

Our first encounter with this huge country was not a pleasant one. At first, of course, you want to tell your family back home that you have arrived. So we inflated the dinghy, put the ship's papers in a waterproof bag and, darkness setting in, rowed to the shore. After the reassuring (collect) call to my greatly relieved wife we had a snack, walked back to the beach only to discover that the dinghy had been stolen. Swimming back was impossible because I always anchor way out. From a hotel room on the boulevard of this town I could see Anak Mas calmly riding the waves. "So now they will loot my boat with my dinghy", I observed, but fortunately that did not happen. After two days and restless nights we were finally towed into the guarded marina of a five-star hotel and then I found it time for an air-conditioned room. When a flush deck has replaced the cockpit and the lockers, I'll continue the trip to the 3 Guyanas, Curacao and Venezuela.

NE UK WINTER MEET REPORT

NORTH EAST WINTER SOCIAL MEET. 20 November 1999. What an excellent evening! We had our best attendance yet, about 34 people in all, with a good variety of members, some of whom are already sailing, building and those still at the decision stage. Mike and Jenny Wynn, who were on a brief visit to England, made many of us envious of their cruising lifestyle with their tales and photos of Spain and Portugal. By their healthy appearance it obviously suits them very well.

Most members including Pete Castle, Howard and Lesley Speight brought photos of some of the PCA meets that they've attended and various Wharrams they've encountered on their travels. Malc Whitehead's photos of his trip to Portugal on John and Fay Whalleys extended Captain Cook 'Tirla' whet our appetites even more. Fortunately he made it on the right night this year [it was still great to see him the day after last year's meet!]. Iain and Marilyn Cairns showed everyone photos of the abandoned 31' Tanenui [?] they recently bought with the intention of restoring, but now have to sell, because of a change of job and country.

Whilst clearing the rubbish out of the hulls Iain was astounded to find a rotting cardboard box containing £ 1.5 million of drugs! Being an honest man he quickly called in the authorities! Some of us looked at Peter and Ghitta Thomas's study plans, it was interesting to compare the Tiki 30 with the Woods 'Gypsy'. They will probably opt for the 'Gypsy', but the Tiki 30 is still for us.

A few weeks previously we had an impromptu mini meet at the Humber boat jumble, we were searching through the 2nd hand books with Pete Castle when Si and Clive strolled by. As we were chatting we spotted Roger Dunstan [Tanenui builder]. He had moved house and hadn't received our invitation, but soon agreed to come. We hope Alan Henson's long journey from Manchester was worthwhile, it was great to meet him. Hopefully Jon Stockton will soon have completed his millennium project [Tiki 21] and be sailing with us at Si Belk's next Humber meet. It would be good to see more boats there next time....

By the early hours most people had left, but Pete Ball's family and Clive Wintle with his grand daughter Kirsty had the foresight to bring their camper vans. Dennis Grant took the option of our fold up bed and survived without it devouring him! As usual the 'bring your own buffet' worked well and we had a grand spread, thanks for all the contributions. Listening to the conversations, it's obvious to us that there are many good articles out there just waiting to be written down, don't just think about it, do it!!!!

Helen Cartwright.

SOUTH UK WINTER MEET REPORT

South Coast Social Meet 6th February 2000

This year's winter social was held once again at Hannibals Restaurant in Havant. There were 21 people who turned up to eat, drink, talk, watch videos and be merry. Some had newly acquired Wharram boats while others were long standing members. We even had someone who had been involved in the design team.

Scott had kindly supplied us with some videos showing Tiki 26's and what they can do; Bob Beggs' single handed trans-Atlantic race entry of 1992 and the launch of James Wharram's Spirit of Gaia. They were enjoyed by all and we offer our thanks to Scott for sending them.

There were also many study plans and issues of the Sea People used as discussion points by the builders present. The rest of use witnessed their discussions in awe. Mostly it was the talking, however, that everyone engaged in. We all enjoyed meeting old friends and I look forward to the South Coast Rally on 28th to 30th July 2000.

FIRST SAILING EXPERIENCE

Si Belk – NE UK, retells his first experience on a Wharram.

It was a cold grey wet November day the first time I saw my Hinemoa tied up to a riverbank mooring. But I knew that from the first time I saw her that I would end up buying her. I had been perusing the design book and finally decided that I wanted to build either a Hinemoa or a Tiki 21, so when I heard about "Old Foss" (as she was called when I bought her) I knew I had to go and have a look. To cut a long story short it was 6 months later before I finally sealed the deal with the owner.

It took a lot of sorting out to arrange the delivery trip from her mooring 30 miles up the River Humber to her new home on my mooring at the Humber Mouth Yacht Club. The worst part was trying to get a good tide window when there wasn't a storm about. But we finally got there, the crew was arranged (this was three of my friends, Dennis Rawson-retired but still sailing an olympic Tornado , Brian Stephenson-excellent windsurfer and his son Matthew Stephenson-Laser sailor and of course my self-Ex mono hull sailor) and a date was set 8th June 1997. It was an early start to get to the mooring at South Ferriby (6.00am) but the sun was shining and the wind was a steady F3-4 S-SE. The owner was there to meet us as we arrived at 6.30 and with all the papers handed over he gave us the keys and showed us one or two bits that he hadn't mentioned before.

Then came that moment we all enjoy, the mooring lines were cast off, the outboard (unfortunate but necessary in the small creek we were in) was put in gear and away we went out onto the river. As soon as we had cleared the creek entrance the sails were raised and the outboard shut off and swung up out of the way. The quiet was wonderful, the sun was shining, the river was calm and we were set on a good reach to take us down river. The Hinemoa set her self in those wonderful tram lines that they always find on this point of sail and away we went, the water peacefully gurgling away between the two hulls as we punched the flood tide on our way to the Humber Bridge.

The flasks of coffee were soon being broached and everyone on board was feeling nice and relaxed, after all what better way can there be to start a summers morning than getting out on the water with your friends and just letting the cares of the week float away with the tide. It took us an hour to reach the Humber Bridge. On the approach it looked as though we wouldn't make it under (anyone else experienced that the first time you go under a bridge) but of course there's 90 feet of air below the Bridge, so we didn't have any problems. It's 4 miles from South Ferriby to the Humber Bridge, but as we were punching a 4-5 knot flood tide the hour down didn't seem too bad (8-9 knots SOG). It was about this time Dennis suggested that we have some breakfast before we rounded the corner and came into the headwind (look at a map of the Humber and you'll see what I mean by rounding the corner). As we sat there eating our sandwiches and taking it in turns to steer I knew then that I had done the right thing in buying myself a small Wharram.

Well as we rounded the corner and came into the headwind we were pleased that we had decided to be cautious and take in a reef as the wind had built up. and of course as the tide turned we were in a wind over tide situation. The chop built up and because we were in the narrowest and shallowest part of the river at that time we had great fun playing submarines for over an hour as the wave length was just short enough to not let us consistently ride over it. It was also about this time that I first noticed a distinct curve in the forward netting beam. As this beam had been modified to carry the fore stay. I was a bit concerned that it might part company with itself (all to no avail as the beam is still slightly curved 3 years on). The crew had also noticed this but didn't say anything until we were safely moored. We carried on down river at a good pace and did our best to stay in the lee of the south bank were the swell was smaller, Once well clear of Immingham the swell died down noticeably and we could relax again back to supping coffee and finishing breakfast.

The scenery coming down river was really nice at that time in the morning, the visibility was good and we clearly saw both sides of the river. We weren't alone on the river at that time in the morning - there were several other yachts (monos) out all going home to Grimsby after a weekend on the beer in Hull, and even though we had a reef in we still beat them beating down river! As the local landmarks came into view we knew that the journey was drawing to a close, and sailing past Cleethorpes (watching the jet skis doing their monotonous rounds) we phoned up for wives and girlfriends to come and meet us at the club bar.

We left the Hinemoa anchored at the end of the creek, as we had arrived at low water, and walked in to the club for a well deserved (we thought so) pint. As Dennis was due at a barbecue that left just the three of us to bring the boat up to the mooring later on. No problem we thought, we'll go home for an hour and then come back and walk out as the tide starts to come in, big mistake!

By the time we got back to the club the tide was well in, and the boat was half a mile away surrounded by water and no wind, no worry we said we can swim out

to the boat and bring it to the mooring, big mistake no 2.

Three quarters of an hour later and we were back on the beach. The boat was still at anchor and still no wind. We had spent three quarters of an hour trying to reach the boat through the incoming tide and had got nowhere, we also lost sight of it during a torrential downpour whilst we were swimming out. Stuck for ideas (with no wind we couldn't even sail a dinghy out to her) we eventually got a lift out on one of the clubs rescue boats.

As we settled her down on her mooring I knew that I wouldn't look back from buying her and regret it, and I never have. I used to get seasick on mono's but have never felt sick once when I've been on board her, despite being out in some pretty nasty weather and I have always enjoyed sailing her. Who knows maybe one day I'll change her, but it'll only be to get a bigger Wharram.

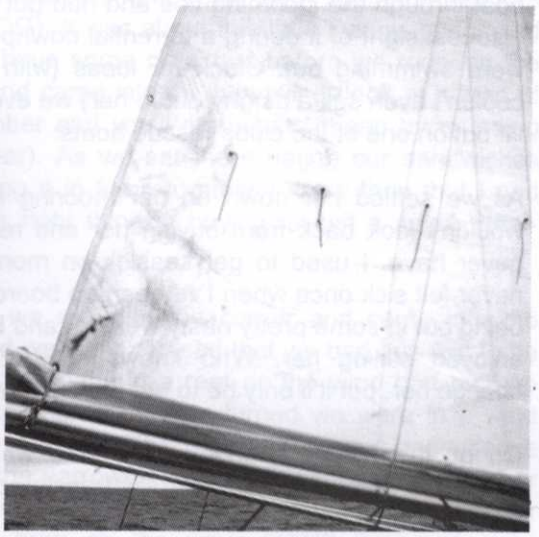
Oh by the way, I changed her name when I got her home. It's now "Dari Laut" literally translated it means "of the sea", think about it when you're next out on your boat.

CAT CORNER ~ WHITSUNDAYS

Hill Inlet, Whitsundays, Queensland, Australia. The photo was received in the PCA office from Rory and Michelle McDougall. In addition to Cookie (TIKI 21), they have a new crew member, a bouncing boy –Josh. Rory comments that the crystal clear waters have loads of stingrays sunbathing in the shallows.
There are extensive mangrove swamps nearby, so insect repellent is a must!

TIKI 31 ~ LOOKFAR

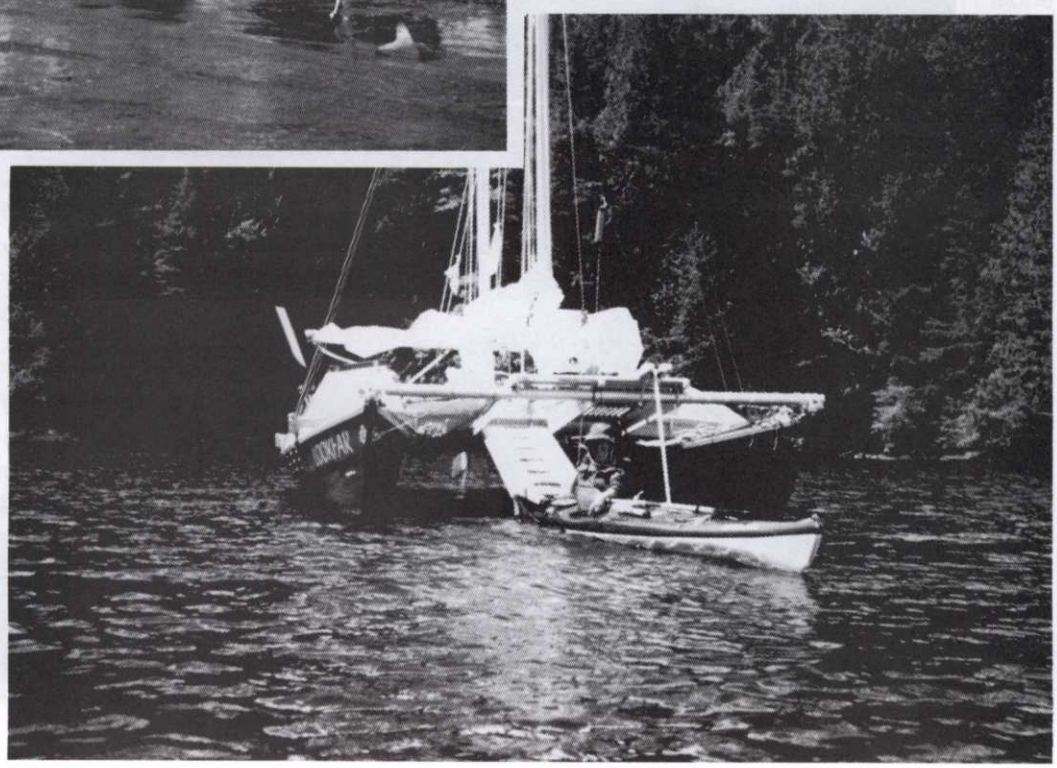
Tim Webb – British Columbia, Canada with his modified Tiki 31 Lookfar. A photo log to wet the appetite!

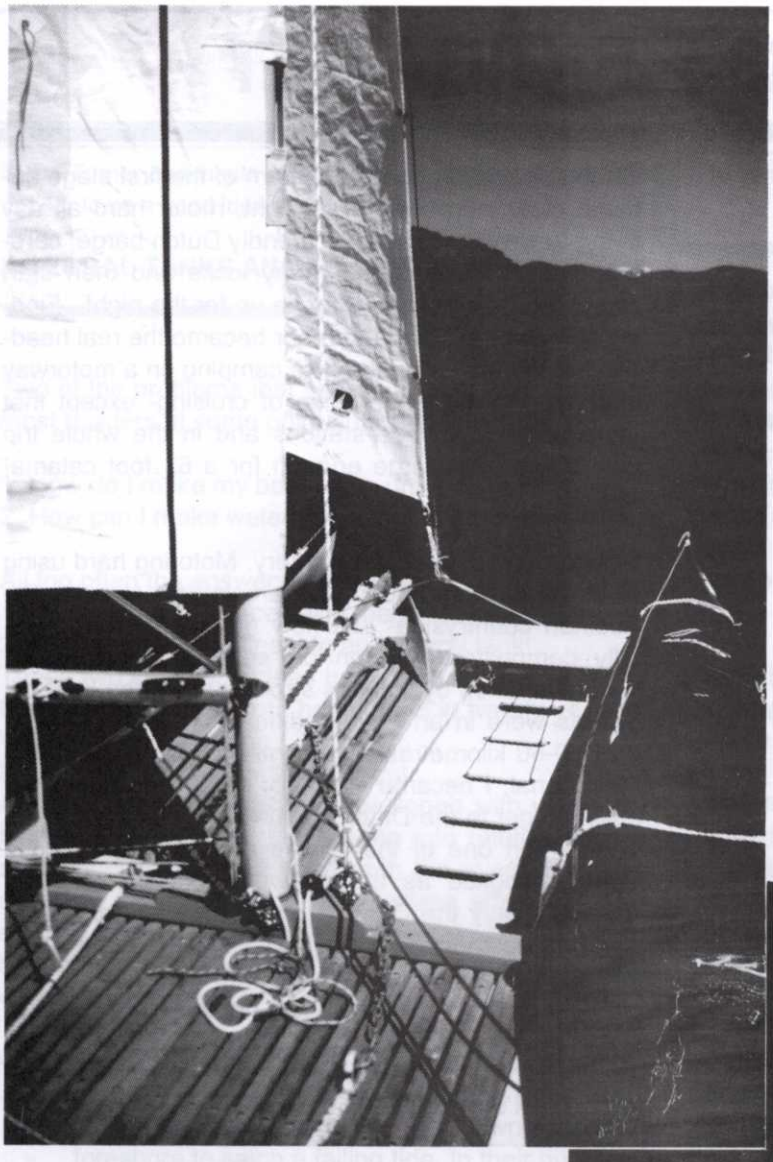


Left:
Dried out. The age old task of scrubbing the bottom.

Above:
The main (soft wingsail) reefed using standard slab reefing on the boom. Notice whisker poles slung under the boom.

Bottom:
Boarding kayaks from the launching ramp.

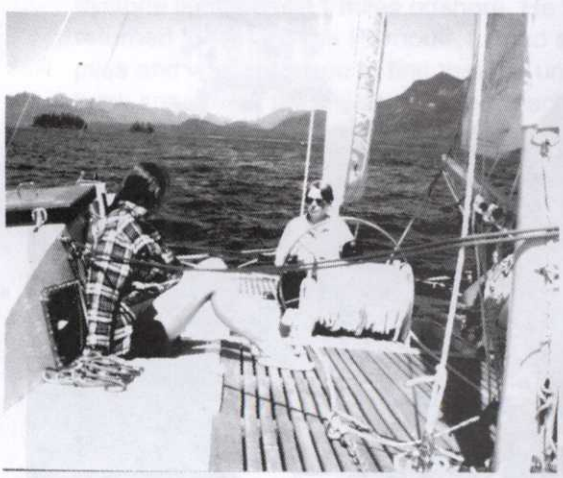


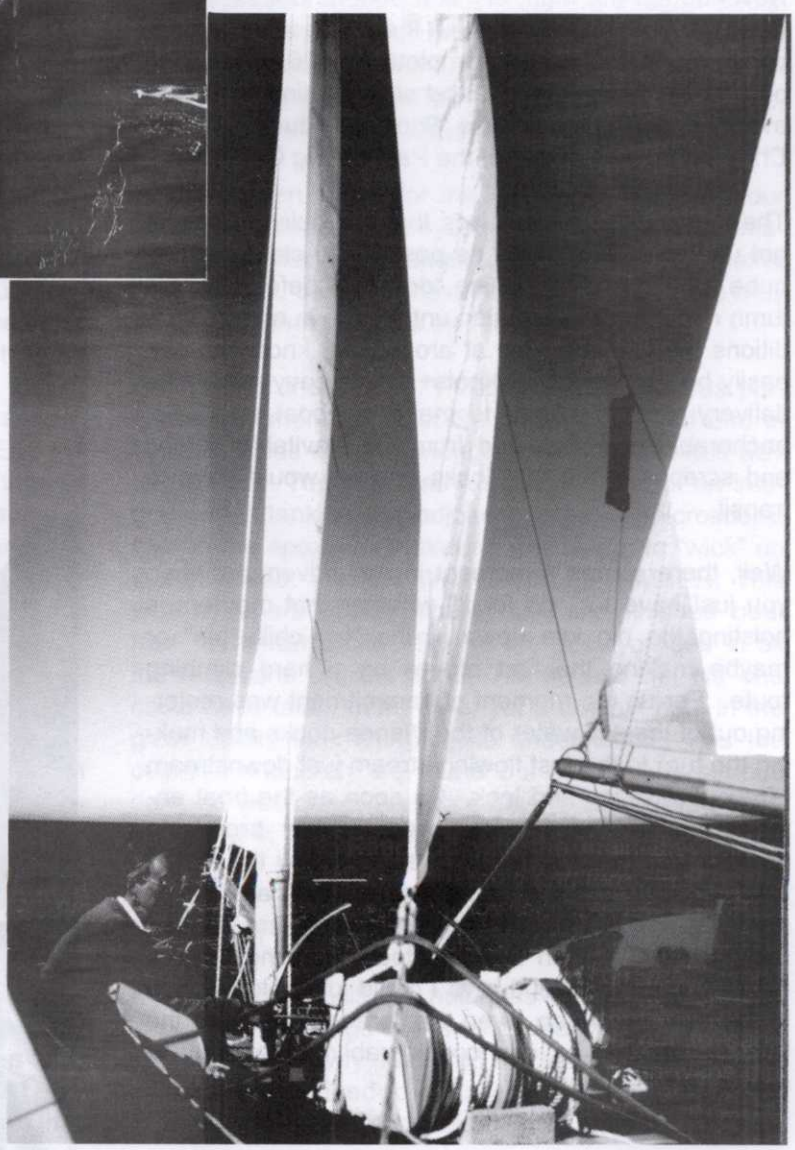


Left:
New foredeck arrangement with platform and boarding ladder. 2 x 17'6" kayaks stow well on either side.

Below:
Reaching with the main staysail between the main and fore.

Bottom left:
Anchor line stowed on reels works well.
Note jib sheets moved out to cabin sides – original location on webs didn't work.





PAHI 63 ~ BIG CAT

Steve Yates fills in one of the parts of story of the journey of Big Cat from Vienna to River Hamble.

In Sea People 25 we read the account of the astonishing and inspirational "back garden" project of Austrian builder Peter Mican - the literally single handed construction of a Pahi 63. In Sea People 37 we read about the first phase of work in Vienna and the launch into the Danube. In Sea People 40 we came up to date with the final stages of the fit out and launch into the River Hamble. Now delivery skipper Steve Yates takes up the missing part of the story of the first stage of the voyage " uphill " from Vienna in the fast flowing River Danube.

I first met Scott in I996 shortly after giving up full time professional sailing and with the intention of buying a small boat for coastal sailing / gunkholing i.e. all of the things you can't do with a 14 foot draught maxi monohull! I came very close to completing a deal on Bob Goodes' "Helarctus " when a tiff with the Inland Revenue left me high, dry and boat-fund less. Scott was very understanding about the whole affair and recently found me a part complete Tiki 26 now sitting outside his office window and slowly being finished - even better than this was Scott introducing me to Chris Dunn, now owner of the Pahi 63 Big Cat.

The immediate problem was that the delivery had to get underway as quickly as possible to clear the Danube "uphill" and the Rhine "downhill" before the autumn rains made navigation untenable, in normal conditions the Danube runs at around 5-6 knots but can easily be running at I 0 knots+ after heavy rain. The delivery team also had to make the boat steerable, anchorable and protected from the inevitable bumps and scrapes in the 40+ locks that we would have to transit.

Well, there comes a moment in any adventure when you just have to " go for it" whether that moment is hoisting the big kite down in the "big chilly bin" or maybe making the first moves on a hard climbing route. For us the moment of commitment was motoring out of the still water of the Vienna docks and making the turn in the fast flowing stream just downstream of our first sluice and lock. As soon as the boat entered the river, we were swept rapidly broadside downstream towards barges waiting below the lock. I had hoped to use the brand-new engines and drives gently at first but to even make that first turn needed far more power than I anticipated. Running the engines at around 2-2300 revs I could just hold position in the river but when given the "green light" from the lock control had to use considerably more lively to make over the stream !

On that first afternoon the pattern of the first stage became clear : up before first light, motor hard all day trying to stay in step with a friendly Dutch barge, carefully into and out of the many locks and then start searching for somewhere to tie up for the night. Finding somewhere secure to moor became the real headache of the trip - it's more like camping on a motorway than any normal experience of cruising- except that there are few service stations and in the whole trip only one marina large enough for a 63 foot catamaran.

Slow progress, beautiful scenery. Motoring hard using all of the daylight hours gave ample time to enjoy the Austrian countryside- just how much time was painfully demonstrated when on several occasions we were overtaken by walkers strolling along the banks !, cyclists were in an entirely different league. Making only 50-60 kilometres a day until we joined the Rhine Main canal, I became seriously concerned about our ability to get to the Dutch coast during my leave time. Then when one of the engine cooling water pumps failed, it looked as though we would be seriously "parked". Only the Dunn brothers excellent organisation had us moving again with essential parts flown and then driven to us. Sadly, with time quickly running out on me, I had no choice but to secure the boat in the centre of Frankfurt and fly home to my day job as an intensive care nurse and let someone else enjoy the fast downhill transit of the Rhine.

TIPS, HINTS & GADGETS

Steve Turner comments on some of the "hidden issues" that appear to be a good idea at the time but.....

INTEGRAL TANKS AND FOAMED IN BUOYANCY

Two of the problems that seem to occupy the minds of most builders at some point during their project are:

1. How do I make my boat really unsinkable?
2. How can I make water tanks that fit the hull exactly?

All too often the answers that occur are:
1. Fill the unused spaces with foam!
2. Make part of the bilge into an integral tank!

These two ingenious ideas have caused quite a few of the serious cases of rot I have found in twenty years of Wharram cat surveying.
Lets look at problem number 1 first.
All Wharram catamarans are designed with watertight bulkheads that divide the volume into relatively small sections. This will limit flooding in the event of a serious leak and reduce the free surface effect of water surging backwards and forwards within the hull. Two separate experiences of Bob Beggs' demonstrate the effectiveness of this approach:

- While preparing his Tiki 26 for his first (two-handed) Atlantic crossing, Bob and a group of his friends manhandled the boat down a stony foreshore to catch a falling tide. In their hurry to overtake the receding water, no one noticed that a steel stake in the beach had punctured the port hull about two inches above the keel. Having successfully launched the boat, Bob sailed out of Plymouth Sound and rounded the Eddystone lighthouse 11 miles offshore. He then returned to a marina in Plymouth to load supplies and was surprised to find that the underbunk space was full of water! I later beached the boat to find the cause and discovered a 30mm diameter hole! The Tiki had sailed over twenty miles in the open sea with a large hole in the bottom!

- A couple of years later Bob was competing in the Single-Handed Transatlantic Race with another Tiki 26, (the first one having come to an untimely end on a barrier reef near Belize, but that's another story). Bob found that while pushing hard to windward in large seas, the port bow compartment had flooded. (A cracked hull-deck joint near the bow, resulting from a "close encounter" before the race, was the likely culprit). The flooding was restricted to the bow area and, after he pumped it out, Bob finished the race, (the only catamaran to complete the race that year), beating boats in every class except class 1.

If built correctly your Polynesian catamaran will be very unlikely to sink, even if you do flood part of the hull. For an extra degree of security you can fill buoyancy tanks etc. with empty plastic fizzy drink bottles which are tested to a high pressure and will not collapse underwater. If you foam these compartments with two part polyurethane foam or aerosol foam, you are inviting disaster! Unfortunately, polyurethane foam is not as closed cell as one would think. Over a long period, moisture will slowly find it's way into the foam, adding weight, and sowing the seeds for the eventual onset of decay in the surrounding plywood.

"But", I hear you say, "I won't take that risk, I am sealing all the ply with epoxy first". NOT GOOD ENOUGH! Take a look at John Whalley's experiences with "Tirla" (Sea People no.40). Tirla's builder was both skilled and meticulous, he covered all the areas he intended to foam with a minimum of three coats of epoxy. However, water seeped from the integral tanks, was carried throughout the foamed areas of bilge by capillary action and eventually caused wide spread rot and a steep repair bill. This is a hidden, insidious process, only discoverable when the damage is done.

Possibly even worse for the long term health of your boat than foamed in buoyancy, the second idea, Integral Water Tanks, is another time bomb! No matter how well you think you have sealed the hull, there may be a tiny pinhole. That is all it takes!

A survey of the Tiki 36 "Pelican", when she was purchased by member Peter Smith, revealed that one of her bulkheads was waterlogged from the keel half way to the deck! The bulkhead formed one end of an integral water tank in the adjoining bilge. A microscopic hole in the epoxy was allowing freshwater to "wick" up the bulkhead. FRESH WATER KILLS TIMBER! This was a superb professionally built and finished boat from "Wharram Build". She is the boat you see in all the magazine articles about Tiki 36 and 38. No one could have taken more care, yet a tiny pin hole in the glass epoxy tank lining, quite undetectable, was the culprit. Fortunately we found out before any serious damage was done. We were able to dry out the bulkhead and fit flexible water tanks to prevent any recurrence.

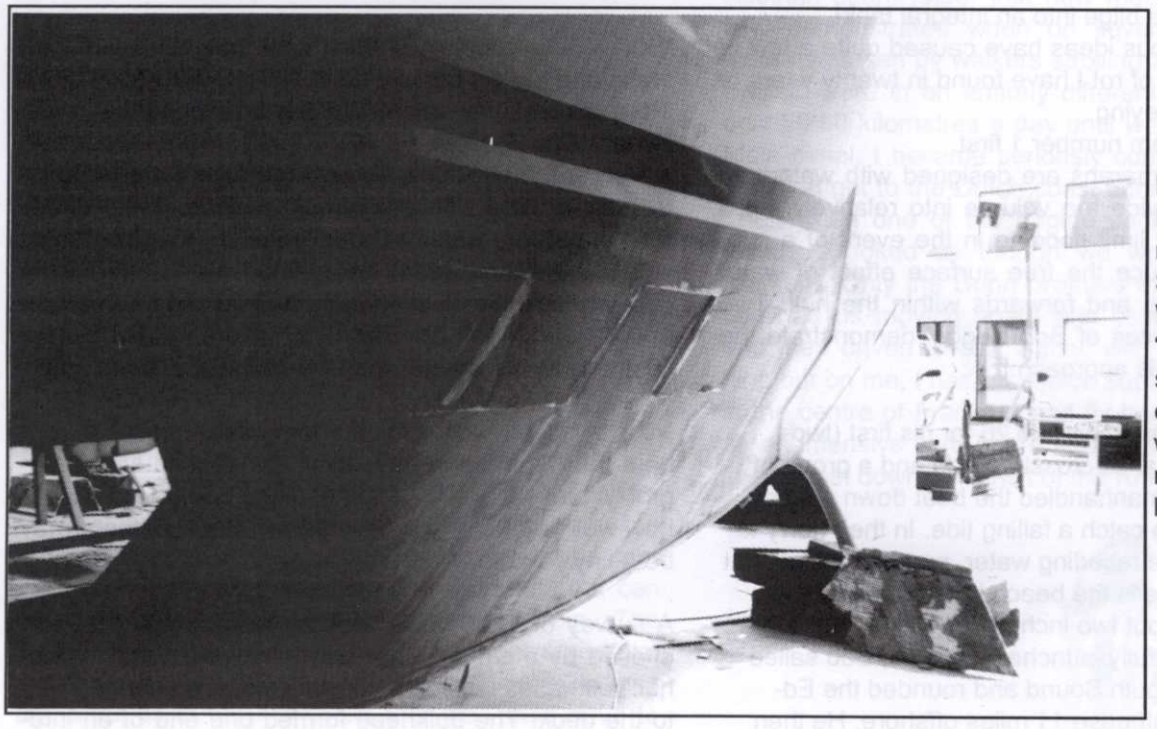
Some other instances which spring to mind:

- A Pahi 31 with the hull ends foamed. Leaks from the fastenings of mooring cleats and other deck fittings slowly saturated the foam, leading to the eventual need to replace a rotten foredeck and large areas of topsides on both hulls.

- Another Pahi 31 with both sterns foamed and both sterns rotten!
- A Tangaroa IV with one of the main crossbeams used to form one side of a plywood water tank!
- A recent trip to Malaysia to survey a Tangaroa IV revealed that the builder of this otherwise superb boat had sealed off most of her bilges and all four hull ends, using some of the space for integral water and diesel tanks and foaming the rest. There were no visible signs of trouble yet, but no surveyor can guarantee the condition of parts of the boat he cannot inspect and by the time there are signs of trouble it will be too late! The new owner is removing all the foam and fitting separate tanks.

material, just running a roller over the surface is not enough! Each face of the individual blocks that make up the sheet needs to be coated with resin. (An old trick used by professional boat builders working with balsa or contour foam is to drape the sheet over a resin barrel lying on it's side, this opens up the gaps between the blocks, .allowing a generous coat of resin to be rolled into the spaces.) If there are air spaces inside your sandwich now, chances are, sooner or later they will become water spaces!

I have seen the standard of build in Wharram cats rise steadily in recent years, with some superbly finished craft that put a lot of professionally built boats to shame. Now is the time to think about the longevity of your boat. This will safeguard your investment and give you more time sailing, less time wasted on maintenance and repairs!

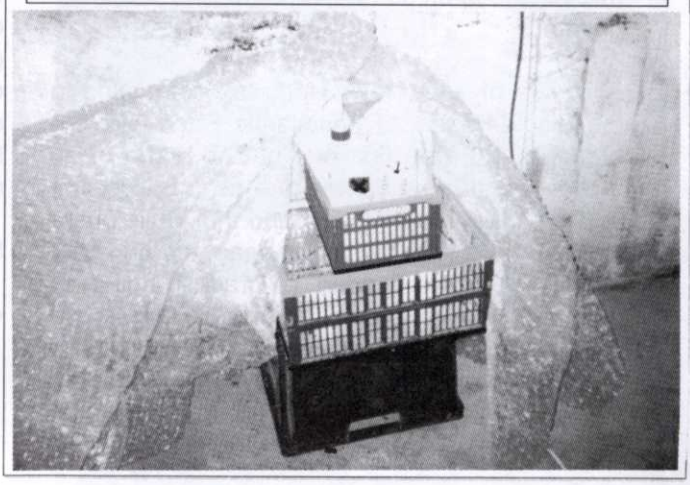


Next issue:
RIGS - Wing masts and Wing Sails
Why the Tiki "Soft Wingsail" is such a success on our boats and why a rigid wing mast is less likely to be!

If you want to make your own tanks from ply/epoxy / glass, you still can. Fit a lining of 4mm ply panels into the space where you want the tank. Epoxy and glass the 4mm ply. Lift out the tank you have formed, fit a plywood top, epoxy the outside and tape all the seams. You now have a tank that fits the hull exactly and is removable. Fit a generous inspection hatch to the top of the tank for cleaning. If this tank leaks you will find the water in the bilge.
Structural foam and balsa wood can cause the same sort of problems when used in a ply/foam or ply/balsa sandwich if care is not taken. I recently saw a Tiki 30 cockpit with the balsa core totally saturated. Waterlogged balsa rots down to a slimy black pulp in an astonishingly short time!

This sort of sandwich construction is an excellent way of achieving light, stiff and strong structures but it is vital that sufficient resin is applied to the core

Dave Weinstock sent in this photo of his epoxy heating arrangement. Plastic boxes are used. Together with two 60 watt bulbs. The outside tent is ubiquitous bubble wrap.



NEWS FROM SEA PEOPLE

UK

From: Mike J Duckett
Sent: 19 April 2000 21:15 PM
To: Sheridan, Robert
Subject: Re: Article for SeaPeople?

Firstly, many thanks to the Sea People and the PCA for introducing me to Wharram sailing and finding my first cat. I'm not sure when I first came across the Wharram designs, but I think it was about 20 years ago when I followed the alternative technology scene - windmills, low energy housing, etc. I think I saw an advert in the back of a boat magazine for the design book. I'm sure, like a lot of builders / owners the drawings & philosophy behind the designs are the initial appeal. A few study plans later and I think I had begun to appreciate the design principles used by James. Ever since then, the idea of a Wharram designed cat has laid semi-dormant in the back of my mind. Up to now my sailing experience has been only with dinghies and mono hulls.

It was the Internet which reminded me of the Wharram cats - I think I found a few references to builders / sailors, then the news forum and Scott's site. And from there I joined the PCA. At this point there was no turning back. My initial thoughts were to build a 26' or even 30', however I soon realised that whilst this would be something I would love to do, I just would not be able to find the time. Also, during last summer I met up with Dave Weinstock and friends for the meet near Hayling Island. A trip over to the Isle of Wight on John's Tiki 21 'Felix' convinced me that a 21' would be the best place for me to start cat sailing. I thought that size of the cat was small enough for trailing and for single-handed sailing, but large enough for my family to enjoy as well. Maybe a larger one later? And just in case I needed any further encouragement I attended James's & Hanneke's talk and slides on their trip from Scotland to Iceland. I quickly decided that the best way (for me) would be to look around for a second hand small Tiki which could be trailed (as I live 'inland' in Wiltshire, south UK). Scott's brokerage supplied a couple of 21's in my price range and not too far away from me. The one I finally purchased (Hum Along) was in Dartmouth and had been kept on the river for several summers by her owner / builder. The hulls were built to the designs with no modifications and looked in good condition to the untrained eye. The trailer was in good condition although not braked and the rest of the gear appeared fine, only a few minor repairs needed to the decks. A deal was struck, and with one further trip to Dartmouth to collect 'Hum Along', she had a new owner.

After some paint, plywood & epoxy (and a new hatch cover) my first trip with 'Hum Along' was a weekend sailing in early April on a small river off the Solent. I had great fun 'learning' (or beginning to learn) the skills required to sail a Wharram cat. There's nothing quite like lying in the hull at anchor and listening to the shipping forecast whilst the frost forms on the outside! I plan a few more trips along the south coast before a summer cruise to Brittany in July & August. I hope to sail around the coast to get to the Brest 2000 event if I can. Thanks again to the PCA for 'getting me started' & good sailing.

CARIBBEAN

Dave and Jane (Hender) aboard "Big Tiddles", a GRP modified TIKI 31, are cruising in the Caribbean. The following is news received in two dispatches via e-mail from Dave and Jane

Thanks for all your messages. 38 days 12 hours and 30 mins at sea! It wasn't all horrid! The first week we did 1000 miles. Then we got hurricane Lenny aftermath-that was horrid.24 hrs lying to the sea anchor and then a week of SW gales, a week of slow progress then another week of non movement. We dug a groove in the Atlantic now named the Big Tiddles Trench! Fortunately the last week we made good progress. The highlight had to be spending five hours with four huge whales who cruised along showing as much interest in us as we did in them-magic!

Antigua is beautiful. We spent a week recuperating in uninhabited Nonsuch Bay, where we were shown great kindness by the other yotties anchored there. Great "rostbif "and French cheeses and wines not

Big Tiddles

to mention the lobster. The highlight to date was meeting Phil on Dunlin - last seen in Portugal 3 years ago. We are now in Falmouth harbour at anchor off Pigeon beach surrounded by megayachts complete with helicopters! Everything is very expensive here including computer time!

Antigua left a lot to be desired as a fourth world country, with four star hotels scruffy and neglected with lots of slums and burnt out cars. The natives are surly. Barbuda to the north is a sand dune. We had an 11 mile pink beach all to ourselves - not even a footprint! It was great to get buzzed here by DERRY SOUTH to Guadeloupe and the Saintes which we enjoyed very much. Plenty of good walks and met some very green iguanas- they're impressive. The French Isles are lush and well cultivated and the people friendly. We enjoyed speaking French and eating Camembert cheese. Also spent some good times with Alan and Glenda on Rush First. Met in Porto Santo, Martinique and a good reunion with Drole D'oiseau -the French islands take some beating.
Last week's highlight was catching up with Ariane and Fritz our very good friends from Storks Lagoon - Culatra. Lots to talk about. Now enjoying Grenada - friendly people and beautiful countryside. Had an excellent day sail on Ziska a restored Morecambe bay prawner. Exciting stuff. Laid flat in squalls almost! Grenada is too hot!! Heading north again soon, then east to the Azores more news then.

ps. It's funny, swimming doesn't seem so appealing since I heard that the locals catch sharks EVERY night of the nearby quay!

Dave and Jane.

KNOW THIS BOAT? ~ IEMANJA

The e-mail trail between Scott and Avi tells all. Have you come across this unique Oro? Contact Scott or Avi by e-mail

> -----Original Message-----
> From: Avi.Bourla@multihulls.uk.com
> Sent: 23 April 2000 00:10
> To: Scott.Brown@multihulls.uk.com
> Subject: searching for my old boat
>
> Dear sirs.
> I had an "Oro" which I built in San Francisco Cal.
> It was cold molded finish, with a center cockpit,
> a 28 hp Volvo in port hull, tall cutter rig (48'),
> named " Iemanja".
> I sailed it through Panama Canal, spent a few years in
> the Carribean Islands, and eventually sailed to Corsica,
> where the boat was sold to Austrian people in 1992.
> Does anyone know where the boat is now days?
> Thank you
> Avi Bourla

Scott Brown wrote:
>
> Hello Avi.
> I don't, but being an ORO fan (sailed one for 10 >years myself), I'm going to make some enquiries around the membership & see if anyone else knows where it is. 28Hp Volvo was mounted IN the port hull?
> Nice to hear from you,
> Scott Brown (for PCA)
>

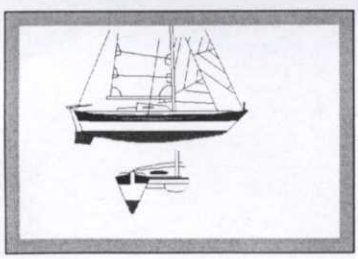
Hello Scott. Thank you for the quick response. Yes, the engine was mounted inside the port hull, with a long shaft going through the skeg. The hulls had a natural finish of red cedar veneers, which were parallel to the bow-line, so it was a very unique looking boat. All natural veneer finish up to the bulwarks. There was a box, the thickness of the cross arms, tying the beams together, and actually eliminated the flex system by doing that, and in between the last 2 beams, I had the cockpit mounted with the wheel(which was hydraulic), and a small living space inside. It had a tapered mast 48' off the deck. Since it was a 7 years of labour of love + 14,000 miles of sailing for 4 more years, I would like to find out more about it. Thank you again.

Best regards

Avi Bourla

IMAGINE MULTIHULLS

POLYNESIAN CATAMARAN SPECIALISTS



MULTIHULL SURVEYS

By Steve Turner a.m.s.n.a.m.e.

Backed by 20 years specialist Wharram survey experience. Surveys prior to purchase. Damage inspections. Condition surveys. Valuations and reports. Inspection / Advice during construction.

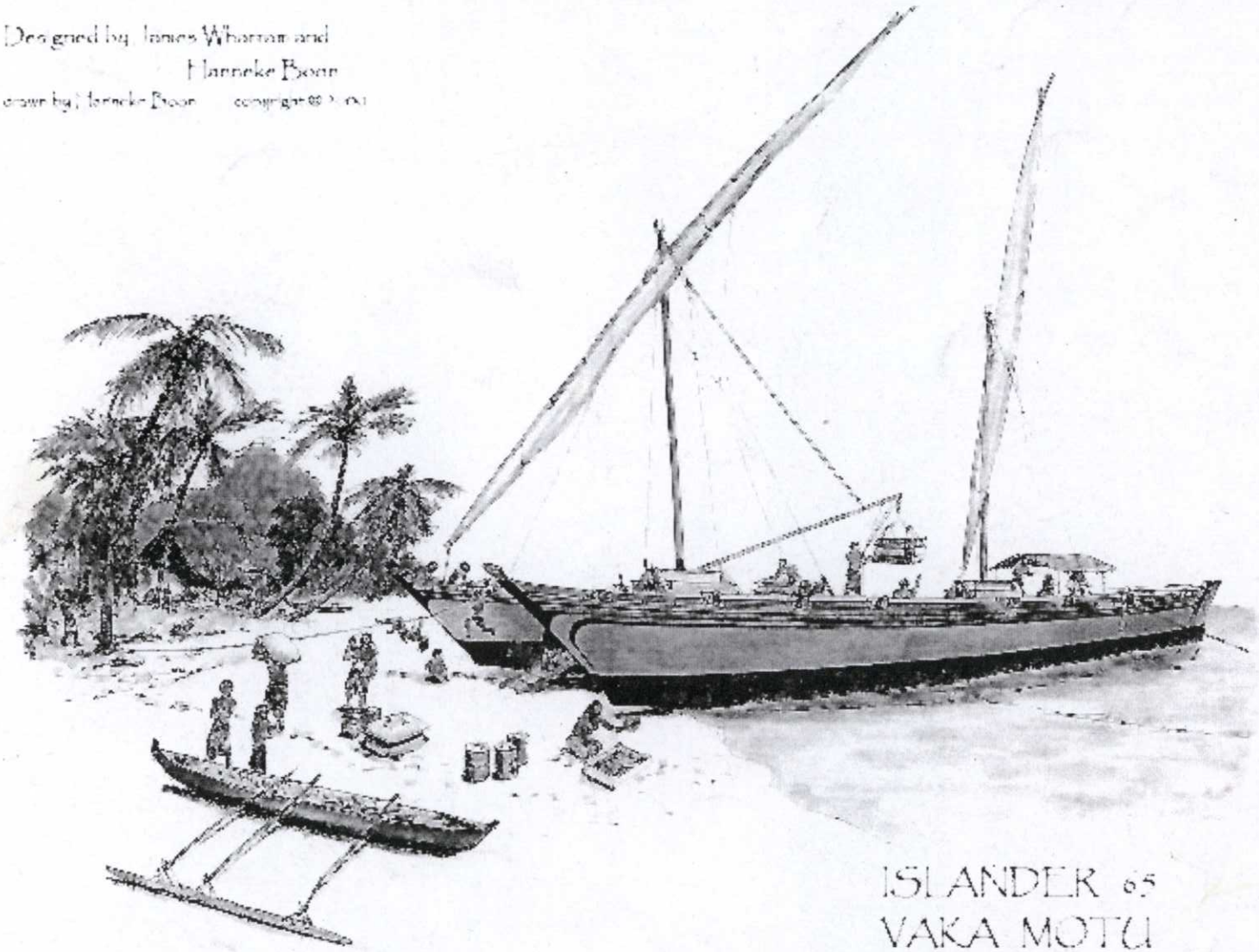
Recent surveys include: Tangaroa Greece, Tiki 26 & Pahi 42 Portugal.
Twenty five years experience building, modifying and sailing many types of catamaran, including the OSTAR class winning Tiki 26 "**Sharing the Challenge**", record breaking Tiki 21 "**Cooking Fat**" (the smallest cat to complete a circumnavigation), Pahi 63 "**Big Cat**" and more than thirty other James Wharram designed cruising catamarans.

IMAGINE MULTIHULLS

2 Elm Park Millbrook Torpoint Cornwall PL10 1HD UK 01752 822846

Designed by: James Wharram and
Hanneke Boon

drawn by: Hanneke Boon copyright © 2001



ISLANDER 65
VAKA MOTU

Return address: PCA @ Carbeile Mill, Torpoint, Cornwall. PL11 2NW (UK)